

-- Weak in the knees, going all over goosepimples  
and hackles up the back of her neck, flying to hell  
out of that brownstone fast as she could --

Didn't she know that some day she'd have to stop  
running away? That sooner or later she'd see  
the woman was right, -- and she'd have to listen  
to the voices waiting to be heard? Not from a  
disembodied spirit from an Other world, but  
from herself to herself, because she was guilty?

MM,

(for Marilyn  
Monroe)

unloved  
for yourself  
alone

bewildered waif  
who tried  
who tried

Narcissus/victim  
in milkwhite  
satin

trembling in  
limbo as  
randy men

rouse up your  
goddess  
spun-gold hair and

pin-up frail  
insulted  
bones

to take you  
again  
in dream --

hold these your  
children  
remembering

-- Marguerite Harris

our tawdry age  
their human  
need

New York, New York

deprived...

sweet...